

THE CHIEFTAIN

For the cause that is just, for the wrong that is right, for the future of the country, and for the good of the world.

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GUS IVET, - - - Editor.

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"Why men drink is what staggers us," says a woman's journal. What men drink is what staggers them.

An Iowa paper speaks of a loving couple, who were neighbors, but were separated by a cold cloud of realism. What kind of a new patent fence is that?

A Northern Texas paper calls the highway robbers who operate around Dallas "brave banditti." These robbers remind us of John Phelan's pistol. It was "one of the old fashioned, brass-mounted kind, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A Berlin sausage maker named a very fine brand of sausage "Bismarck Forest," the latter word meaning sausage. This is the best chance we ever saw to make the sausage. Next!

A Frenchman has invented an apparatus to cook by the heat of the sun, but we are inclined to believe there is a great deal of moonshine about it. Perhaps he is going to chop up the moonbeams for kindling wood with which to heat the machine.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR and the Republican party ruled one just now of the Indiana men who lost \$10 that he could ride the wheel in a saw mill. As the widow paid the bet, she remarked: "Chet was a kind husband in providing for his family, but he didn't know much about flywheels."

A French doctor advertises that he can cure men of snoring. Almost anybody can cure a man of snoring if he knows what to give him for it. The only man who cannot be cured of snoring by a doctor or anybody else is a Texas veteran. Judging from the number of survivors it is no wonder the bullets were powerless to exterminate them, since the remembrance from their ranks.

A duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be shot than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves that either the shot shot Nott, or Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot shot Nott; or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot shot Nott himself, when the whole affair resolves itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot shot Nott, and that Nott was not shot. Anyway, it is hard to say who was shot.

A little girl was seen on the track of the Missouri Pacific railroad, waving her apron wildly and trying to stop the train. At first the engineer thought she was at play, but, as she stood there persistently waving, he reversed the engine and put on the brakes, coming to a halt in the middle of a curved cut. Looking out and down the track beyond they saw an express train coming from the opposite direction at full speed. The little girl continued waving her apron until that train was also brought to a halt within a few feet of the first train, thus preventing a terrible accident. Before the little girl's name and residence could be learned she had disappeared, but the railroad company intend rewarding her for her good deed.

As exchange publishes the following with the significant remark, "Hand it to your barber!" "I want a close shave. I am in a hurry." Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use hair cream or pomade. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want any hair tonic or skin medicine. I do not want any shampoo or bath. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor do I want to. I care nothing for politics or crime or society. I do not care for market or stock reports. I am not a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute, and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shave me."

She Was a Lady.

A fresh married couple came late to Chicago one evening this week and put up at the best hotel in the city. Instead of going in at the lady's entrance the man escorted his wife along through the rotunda and stumbling up stairs found a parlor, and leaving her there came down to register. He also made one or two delicious breaks which attracted the attention of the night register he wrote in a tangle leg sort of scrawl:

"—and lady."
"That's your wife, I presume?" inquired the clerk blandly.
"You bet she's my wife," replied the man, with an automatic odor of anger in his tone.

"Make it so, then, on the register, please," suggested the clerk.
"What," said the man, staring like a dog setting a covey of prairie chickens.

"Please make it 'and wife' on the register."

"Why, don't you think my wife is a lady?" inquired the newly married husband.

"Not the least doubt of it in the world, my dear sir, but the rules of the house make it imperative upon all married guests to sign as husband and wife."

"You don't suppose I'd bring a woman here if she wasn't my wife, do you?" asked the man choking a little and trembling at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh no, but you just make it 'and wife' and that will be all right," said the clerk pacifically.

"And you are willing to admit that she's a lady?"

"Why, of course. No one disputes that."

"The man slowly crossed the word 'and' and wrote 'wife' just above it."

"I have to do that," he murmured, "I haven't been married but two days and it looks as though I was going plum back on Eliza. I want you to understand, and I want the rest of you fellows to understand that Eliza's dad is worth over \$20,000, and if she ain't a lady you haven't got any ladies in Chicago. Understand that, gentlemen, she's a lady of the water, and no mistake. I don't scratch her on my own account, but just to keep alongside the rules of this cursed boarding house. And there ain't any of you fellows as wants to say she ain't a lady, either."

Check.

What Vice-Versa Meant.

"—and," said an old colored man down at the post office to another old codger, "What's de meanin' of vice-versa?"

"It means totter from which," answered Sam with great dignity.

"I dunno," said the first one, "I think it means upside down."

"No," retorted his friend, "I've done sooth it means hind side de fash."

A third old fellow came by just then and they appealed the question to him.

"I cannot desplain pezzactly," he said, "so to meet wid your comprehension, but wiser-versa, am a 'proprietion' from de Latin and means wuss and wuss and mo' of it. I members stumblin' over it at college. It am a hard word to pronounce."

He ambled along with his buck saw and the two who had referred to him looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that "one small head could carry all he knew."

PERLS OF THOUGHT.

Duty never frowns upon those who show her.

Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all founts.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

The proper way to check slander is to disprove it, attempt to correct and refute it, and it will out-run you.

A verse lady who lives south of the city on the Westport road, undertakes to poison herself by taking a dose of "Rough on Rats."

It seems as though her constitution was somewhat stronger than that of the average rat, and she did not die.

Her name is Amanda Conger, aged about fifteen years, and her reason for taking the poison was that she had a cruel step-mother, and having been staying at a neighbor's, was told that she must return home.

She said that she could not get hold of a revolver, so she bought a Kansas City whiskey, she grasped the next best thing, and tried to die the death of a long-tailed rat.

Now, Amanda, you should never think of such a thing again. You are old enough to lick the stuff out of a pretty healthy old step-mother, and you should just grab up a stove hook or rolling pin and beat the old lady twenty times a day before thinking once of killing yourself. Why, dear girl, you have not stepped to

think how much pleasure there may be in store for you, or you would fight a thousand step-mothers before you thought for one moment of dying such an unnatural and untimely death. Now, that you have failed to take your own life or put a period after your fifteen years growth, we must offer you a few words of congratulation and advice. Do not think of such a thing again. Remember that in one short year you will be "sweet sixteen," and the dashing young men who get seven dollars a week for chambermaid work in livery stables, and wear cluster diamond pins drawn from a ten cent candy prize package, will break their neck for your society. One of these stylish youths will let you wear his pin until the day rolls around for him to clasp you to his manly bosom and claim you as his own. Then sorrows will cease, and in a few short years your children will grow up and call you blessed. Just think of the pleasure of having half a dozen blue eyed little dears to wash and fondle all day long, and to cry and dampen your clothes with their sweet little tears at night! No, dear Amanda, if you had asked our advice a week ago you would never have been pained in the happy years to come with the recollection that your name appeared in the Kansas City Times November 21st, 1912, the same day Bob Ingersoll was killed to lecture here. It isn't so much the disgrace of trying to kill yourself, but the manner in which you sought to accomplish it, and the mistake your friends made in telling the scandalous Times folks about it. Never be guilty of such another break, dear, and if that step-mother bothers you again put a ring on her with which she can eat hay out of a jug. Life is too sweet to be flitted away in any such manner, and you should ever keep thinking about it, and want to live to an old age.—Grip.

Bob Burdette On Growlers.

"My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets two hundred dollars a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets two hundred dollars a night for preaching Skepticism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because Francis Murphy gets one hundred and fifty dollars a week for temperance work seems to think it all right when the bar-keeper takes in twice as much money."

The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as upon the stump.

Is the man who is trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bar-tender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whisky; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full-hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a state election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sabbath morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to dead-bait your lodgings in that way, but a nap in the Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theater and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, haggard as to the knee and utterly burst as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the dancing lady who tries to wear her waist around her knees and kicks her slippers clear over the orchestra chair, every night, gets \$500 a week, and the city missionary gets \$5000 a year; the horse race scoops in \$2,000 the first day and the church fare lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does cost is hung in its face, like a bone to a dog, it is the meanest kind of an insult.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Houston has a colored doctor who kills his patients with home-made remedies. He says he cannot understand what possible use his professional brethren can have for a drug store. His patients can't, either.

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To go for

BARGAINS

WHERE

To get the

Best Value for Their Money!

WHERE

To get the best and cheapest

BOOTS & SHOES

WHERE

To get

A GOOD OVERCOAT

For a little money.

WHERE

To get those

Nobby Suits!

WHERE

To get

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G. W. GREEN'S,

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CLAREMORE, I. T.

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Give Me a Trial.

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